

Howard Jones "Brutality Of Fact"

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Last of the trouble has followed through
This (?) your potential to
I've seen your lifeline go out to you
Sidestepping our convention

But you always managed to find a way
to avoid what the negative people say
The sun will shine on a brighter day
Stick to your own potential

Failing hardly seems to bother you
Winning was a compliment to failure

A waking Earth is calling you
Drive all night, you can't sit still
Here comes the torment that eats inside
(?) those who wish you well

The callings strong but how can you hear
Receivers dead, the transmissions clear
The Moon will rise in your finest hour
Lighting our potential

Caught in perversion of our Human life
Fall in confusion born of sacrifice

But you always managed to find a way
To avoid what the negative people say
The sun will shine on a brighter day
When you stick to your own potential
Failing hardly seems to bother you
Winning was a compliment to failure
Failure!

(Instrumental)

Failing hardly seems to bother you
Winning was a compliment to failure
Failure!

(Spoken)

(?) to make a life, Beckon it

Bodies of great beauty could not surrender
Their rationality fading in (?)
The security of sensation

A historic harlequin (?) harks a mild
The spirit of radio mortgage
Holding their pre selection
In the brutality of fact

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